

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Importing the surrender of those Lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of Law
 To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
 Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the businesse is, we haue here writ
 To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
 Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
 Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppress
 His further gaine herein, in that the leuies,
 The lifts, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subiect, and we here dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
 For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
 Giuing to you no further personall power
 To businesse with the King, more then the scope
 Of these delated Articles allow:
 Farewell, and let your hast commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartily farewell.
 And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
 You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
 And lose your voice; what would'st thou beg *Laertes*?
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking.
 The head is not more natieue to the heart
 The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
 Then is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy father,
 What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

Lar. My dread Lord.
 Your leaue and fauour to returne to *France*,
 From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
 To shew my dutie in your Coronation;
 Yet now I must confesse, that dutie done
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward *France*,
 And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?

Polo. He hath my Lord wrung from me my slow leaue
 By laboursome petition, and at last
 Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,

Prince of Denmarke

I doe beseech you giue him leaue

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*
 And thy best graces spend it at thy pleasure
 But now my Cousin *Hamlet*, and

Ham. A little more then kin,

King. How is it that the clouds

Ham. Not so much my Lord,

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy
 And let thine eie looke like a frie
 Doe not for euer with thy vailed
 Seeke for thy noble father in the
 Thou know'st tis common all the world
 Passing through nature to eternitie

Ham. I Madam, it is common

Quee. If it be,

Why seemes it so perticuler with thee?

Ham. Seemes Madam, nay it is
 Tis not alone my inkie cloke couer
 Nor customarie Sutes of solemne
 Nor windie suspiration of forst breath
 No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the
 Nor the deiected hauiour of the
 Together with all formes, moods
 That can deuoute me truly, these
 For they are actions that a man may
 But I haue that within which passeth
 These but the trappings and the

King. Tis sweet and commendable
 To giue these mourning duties to your father
 But you must know your father
 That father lost, lost his, and the
 In filliall obligation for some reas
 To doe obsequious sorrowes, but
 In obstinate condelement, is a c
 Of impious stubbornnesse, tis vni
 It shewes a will most incorre
 A heart vnfortified, or minde im
 An vnderstanding simple and vn
 For what we know must be, and